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N. B.—All communications should be addressed to MENRY CLAPP, Jr.,

Office of The Man Fort Saturday From, No 9 SECONDENDERS, NEW YORK

A SONG FOR THE FUTURE.

The golden age has come To gladden every eye,
No more the maddening drum
Disturbs the peaceful sky,
But harps Æolian breathe their mellow strains, And o'er the smiling earth contentment reigns.

O'er the embattled plain Now waves the yellow corn, With many a sweet refrain
The herdaman winds his born,
And Nature's self, no more by war opprest,
Draws a long breath of sweet relief and regi.

Their flags together wave, And every Christian land Cries 'Hail! the Nations brave! Who lay aside the conquering sword and spear To usher in the world's millennial year.'

Lands which the Pacific laves, Lands which the Pacific laves,
Lands 'neath the Eastern sun,
Though separate like the waves,
Yet like the sea are one,
While war-like emblems change to those of.
The lion to the lamb, the eagle to the dove.

Each day its triumph brings, Each hour its blessing knows. And not a bird that sings, And not a flower that blows, But seeks to grace with cheerful smile and song, A day which angels love and gods prolong.

Science with beaming eye
Surveys our glorious sphere,
And through the opening sky,
And o'er the count draw,
MATEL OUR PROPERTY OF THE COUNTY OF THE CO

By Earth's o'erflowing springs,
And o'er her teeming plains
'All green with growing things
And fresh with frequent rains,'
The peasant tolls, no more of want afraid,
Beneath his purpling vine and fig-tree's shade.

Raligion rounds her dome,
And Learning builds her hall,
Near every hearth and home
Where human footsteps fall,
While light, descending, visits every soul,
And truth, electric, files from pole to pole.

This onward goes the world,
Onward, and upward still,
While error, downward hurled,
Leaves free the human will,
And the unfettered soul, sublime and free,
Rides o'er the waves of Life's Eternal Sea.

EVERETT VS. FRANKLIN.

Our readers will regret to learn, from the followh clummy letter, that it is the intention of Mr. Everett the Leiger, to write, in the course of the next year,

Standard of Franklin is the standard of the st

Last Mords.

For I thought, "He will down I am devel." And truly, he may steal away,
And sleep a little: and this will be well. "And truly, I dream'd, as I lay
Wide awake, but all as quiet, as though, the last office done,
They had streak'd me out for the grave, Will, to which they will bear me anon.
Dream'd: for old things and places came dancing about way brain.

of old,
At dawn on the hill-top together, at eve in the field by
the fold;
Till the thought of this was growing too wildly sweet
to be borne,
And I op'd my eyes, and turn'd me round, and there,
in the light forlorn,

in the light forlors,
I find you sitting beside me. But the dawn is at hand,
I find you sitting beside me. But the dawn is at hand,
Sleep a little. I shall not die to-night. You may
leave me. Go.
Eh! is it time for the drink? must you mix it? it does
me ne good.
But thanks, old friend, true friend! I would live for
your sake, if I could.
Ay, there are some good things in life, that fall not

I, from my suchcioth and sales, look to my suchcioth and sales, look to my hope glow on your face:
Therefore, fair weather be yours, Will, whether it shines or pours,
And, if I can slip from out of my grave, my spirit will visit yours.

woman-eyes that have smiled and same woman-eyes that have kist man-lips that have kist why thus forever do

Only to follow the flying foot of lowe to his last retreat. Fool! that with man's all-imperfect would elseum-scribe God's all-complete!

Arrogant error! whereby I starved like the fool in the fable of old,
Whom the gods destroyed by the gift he eraved, turning all things to gold.

Be wise; know what to leave unknown. The flowers bloom on the brink,
But black death lurks at the botton. Help men to enjoy, not to think,
O poet to whom I give place! cull the latest effect, leave the cause.

Few that dive for the pearl of the deep but are cresh'd in the kraken's jaws.

While the harp of Arion is heard at eve over the glimmering ocean;
He floats in the foam, on the dolphin's back, gliding with gentle motion,
Over the rolling water, under the light of the beaming star,
And the sympha, half salesp on the surface, sail moving his musical ex.

A little knowledge will turn youth grey. And I stood, chill in the sun,
Naming you each of the roces; bleet by the beauty of moose.

My song had an after-savor of the sait of many tears.

There's many a man has lived to curse the taste of that fruit on his lip.

But never was any man yet, as I ween, be he whosoever he may.

That has known what a true friend is, Will, and wish'd that knowledge away.

You were proud of my promise, faithful despite of my fall.

Bad when the world seem'd over sweet, sweet whan the world seem'd pall:

When I clash'd suyself in the pride of praise from what God glered to see,

You saw through the glittering lie of it all, and ellential and several with praise chang'd place,

I, from my suckeloth and sakes, look'd up, and saw hope glow on your face:

Therefore, fair weather be yours, Will, whether it shines or pours,

And, if I can slip from out of my grave, my spirit will visit yours.

O woman-eyes that have smiled and smiled, O woman-lips that have kist

The life blood out of my heart, why thus forever do you persist.

Pressing out of the dark all round, to bewilder my All the place of the sud as it no free appears;

And the world that had passed to listen swhile, he cause the first notes were gay.

Pass'd on its way with a sees and a smile: 'Has he not it my and the world was a weedy flower that person's extendity from the sees, and flower swall it me.

Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can have swall the spirit of star mothers and the world was a weedy flower that mothers when the world was a weedy flower that person's extendity from the sum of the same of the star of the sum of the world was a weedy flower that person's extendity as a weed on the same three cause the first notes were gay.

Pass'd the world that had passed to listen swalls it we with a seem and a smile: 'Has he not way with a seem and a smile: 'Has he not way with a seem and a smile: 'Has he not way with a seem and a smile: 'Has he not way with a seem and a smile: 'Has he not way with a

All the wind,
Cleaving the thunder-cloud, with wild hair blowing behind;
All the soft scraphs that float in the light of the crimson eve,
When Hesper begins to glitter, and the heavy wood-land to heave;
All the white nymphs of the water that dwell 'mid the lillies alone;
And the buskin'd maids for the love of whom the heavy cak trees groan;
They came to my call in the forest; they crept to my feet from the river;
They softly look'd out of the sky when I sung, and their wings heat with breathless endeavor,
The blocks of the broken thunder piling their stormy lattices.
Over the mouning mountain walls, and over the sob-

So many more represchful faces around my bed!

Voices meaning about me: 'Ah! coaldst thou not heed
what we said!'

Peace to the past! it skills not now: these thoughts
that ves it in vain
Are but the dust of a broken purpose blowing about
the brain

Automobile State States and all the second

Absorbors. We quote:

From this statement we turn to to work, and clip some bits of dialogue:

The faller do owe to bring seen that of civit. Here you clean my boots? Too, str. Here you wend my shoes?

I go wer its now.

Char you do not a const?

The sir.

This my measure.

What circle will you do to?

From a gard what he of measure.

T was independed at was Later was minimum on Laneman. I was independed already too meast, any larly, as it is of hery he had its presence the reading of an emession writing ; index is very sourcease from the harve attended and the reading of manifestal to you notice the reading of medical and index, in he indebted to you notice the reading of medical and in additionally to the contract of medical and the first do wish very mench, i shall be to edinate receive that mark of kindness what you will so kind they

Some of the anecdotes are very fine :

French, as are also the following:

In ten deservement the julk is main.

Its is armed of feet at up.

Its is armed of feet at up.

Its is armed of feet at up.

It they is tell, and assessor thing is make.

To both cattle is Empayment.

The sat of the new main.

That which feet man's mostly blow blow one's none.

The cost the free cash with the hand of the cat.

A bores based don't local him the tooth.

The tell notary of the fields.

To do a wink to come body.

To many go the jer to spring, than at last rest there.

Which like Belleman, level life ag.

Its has compa at hand some.

The momentals is work pot out a none.

The momentals in work pot out a none.

The sums bank at their motions.

We have been informed by booksellers that a very large number of copies of this work have been sold to amateurs of literary curicatities, not only in this country but in England. We are somewhat at a loss to account for the sentiment which inspired the authors to undertake gravely a tank for which they must have felt themselves thoroughly incompetent. The inname presumption and conceits which prompted them to instruct their countrymen in a language of which they themselves were utterly ignorant, is an interesting subject for study; and within the reach of any one who will procure a copy of

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[From Harper's Monthly for December.]

OUT IN THE STORM.

Ah me, for a little fire!

I will creep here under the cart;
Something whispers of patience,
But I'm cold—at my very heart.

What is it there in the shadow That wavers and beckens so? Nothing. Dear little Nelly— Dead, years and years ago!

Does she know that her poor old father Is dying here in the street— Cold, and ragged, and hungry, With not a mornel to eat?

Sweet girl ! I believe she loved me. I remember her vokes, her smile. She is gone! Ah, wall, I shall see her, Perhaps, in a little while.

I am cold—my heart is freezing.
Heart I Why do I habble so?
What little I had to be freeze
Was freeze long age.
There's a light just there, at the baker's,
But I cannot crawl, for pain;
Perhaps he would let use in swittle—
O God I to be warm again.

How wet and sold the personent!
I could pity my own white hair—
Alas! if my heart were younger;
But there's nothing but sales the Is it said in the grave, I wonder— Ugh I the crust and pittless storm !— Me matter; 'the all that's left me; Thank God if H's only warm. William William

God, in his pity for the work of his hands, Came down from heaven, put on the human form, And wont about many man doing good And working the many man doing good And working alamate. Hen myd upon him, Termonted him to the otherwood, and hilled him-Himself, thair maker, the alanghty God, hilled; and, having hilled him fell force on their knew and of his Fam bugged produc, to his Name Balend temple, to he Name Balend temple, the he name to the Name Balend temple, the he had to the special and long many and still day; two ready, in staller from should be appear again.

Again in his own Kame to uple your him, Trement and yet him to a wrent dead.

The stall was the same to the stall temple to the same temple to the sam

A change has come over nature Since you and June were here; The sun lies turned to the sout Adown the stops of the year.

The gram is ripe in the meadow And the mowers swing in rhyme; The grain so green on the hill-side Is in its golden prime.

No more the breath of the clover Is blown on every brees,— No more the eye of the daisy Is bright on meadow less.

The bobolink and the swallow, Have left for other clime,— They mind the sun when he be And go with Summer's prime.

The buttercups that shone in the Like rifts of golden mow,— They too have melted and vanish Beneath the Summer's class

Still at even-fall, in the upland

Still waves its glassy rings And the lake of fog to the southward With surges white as snow,—
Still at morn away in the distance
I see it ebb and flow.

But a change has come over nature, The youth of the year is gone; A grace from the wood has departed. And a freshness from the dawn.

WAR. BY JOSEPH BARBER

'To arms!' No cry that ever shook the air, Rouses like this the tiger in mankind : Drowning Love's pleading voice and Frier

Steeling the heart and maddening the mind.

O War! thou trumpet-tongued and glittering fiend
Cursed be the conquerors of thy lauraled train:
What though their brows with Victory's wreaths
acreened,
Behind the chaplet lurks the mark of Cain.

'Tis grand to see the rippling bayonets,
And shaking sabres, gilded by the sun,
And feel the earth shake as an army sets
Ten thousand feet upon its breast as one.
How gay the standards and how bright the
How glad the music of the fife and drun.
Fate keeps the issue neath her solemn seal,
And kindly hides the terrible 'to come.'

BT PRANCES & COCCOO A whisper woke the air—
A soft light tone and low,
Yet barbed with shame and woe
Now might it only perish there!
Nor farther go.

Ah me! a quick and eager ear Caught up the little meaning a Another voice has breathed it de And so it wander'd round, From ear to lip—from lip to ear-Until it reached a gentle heart, And that—it broke.

It was the only heart it found,
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents woke;—
It reached that tender beart at last,
And that—it broke.

Low as it seemed to other ears, It came a thunder-crash to hers,— That fragile girl so fair and gay,— That guileless girl so pure and true

'Tis said a lovely humming-bird That in a fragrant lily lay, And dreamed the Summer morn Was killed by but a gun's report Was killed by but a gun's report, Some idle boy had fired in sport? The very sound—a death-blow ca

And thus ber happy heart, that beat With love and hope, so fast and sweet (Shrined in its Lily too; For who the maid that knew, But owned the delicate flower-like grace of her young form and face?) When first that word Her light heart heard, It fluttered like the frightened hird, Then abut its wings and sighed, And with a silent shudder—died!

THE GAME OF EUCHRE AND LIFE.

There is a genuine humor in the idea that an Arkan-man man finds the most natural expression, even of parting advice to his son, in the language of the card table, and the manner in which the terms of the game of 'Euchre' are there fitted to the game of life is in-

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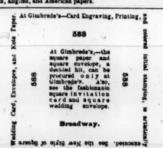
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thing, at Moderate Prices.

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Courand's Labrary of Hemanes.-No. 13

asses of pastners where an once relocate has easied his renowned.

Dr. FRIEZ GOTRAUD'S only depos for the sale of his renowned has not stored from Broadwa.

Refers is a stored from Broadwa.

R. J. Jordan, 1918 Washington stored. Betten: H. Refelineon, Poland; Greek, Worcester; Callender, Phila-seighia, 20.

spaiding's Propored Glue.

From the Scientife Junesices, New York:

Francess's Prescame Give.—We have received several namples
for Juneses's Prescame Give.—We have received several namples
for Juneses Index Several, New York, and have tred it in mencing old
resistant. It is a very convenient article for domestic use, and
accrees to the loyd constitution band in every boughood. It is
no a convenient setting for pattern makers and inventors in conrecting and repairing their models.

From the Calendar, Hartford, Conn.:
's PREFARED GLEE.—This article is the best preyor used for the juryons of repairing spinitered vac., where give is required, and is so chemical be always ready for use.

From the Ladier Visitor, New York PREPARED GLUE seems to be universall a wherever it goes; it is precisely the setance needes for repairing furniture

WISE ADVICE. Coventry Patmore, in his new poem, gi

Wed a dail girl became she's more To which one might add, And let no reman, in her pitche, West a best man because he's bert

The N. Y. Saturbap

HENRY CLAPP, JR., EDITO

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 34.

As a poet, Mr. Whittier is one who As a post, ar. white sincere pleases the one. It is therefore with sincere pleases welcome his characteristic and characteristi

'Home Ballada,' recently published by the proof of Stelda, of Soston.

Mr. Whittier's career in literature has been assumed and brilliant. In earlier years he seem to been assisted and brilliant. In earlier years he seem to been such poems as 'Mogg Magons' and 'The hiddel of Pennaccook,' in which that rampant and he ling behaving is idealised and set to music. When he was the barian is idealised and set to music. When he was the barian is idealised and set to music. When he was affections to 'the poor negro.' Hence numerous 'Anti-Slavery Poems,' in which 'thoughts that breathe' have been felicitously married to 'worth that burn.' On this them he is still occasionally eloquet. There are, in this recent collection, poems which fash and sparkle with the ardent enthusiasm of the modal reformer. But in his later years, -which indeed seem to have been those that 'bring the philosophic mind'—he has

we recognize a spontaneous and therefore a planel ex-pression of his poetic nature; and judged by these he is certainly entitled to a high place among the very few

poets America has yet produced.

To the true poet, the themes of highest leavest are those to which all the histories of nations and all the physical aspects of the world can be, at best city so cesories and bints. It is in the marvellous constitution and interior life of man that the poet's amblimest
possibilities of knowledge are garnered up to swell has
coming. It was natural, and it was well that Mr.
Whittier should delight in the past, that he should
find congenial and suggestive themes in the rads America of long ago. In the mystery of the prinseval forest, in the quaint and sustere life of the Purisses, in the
traditionary lore of New England, in its days of witchcraft and delusion, in its graves and heroisms and st. ried
memories, in its old legends misty and splendid, in
the spirit of romance that hallows its everlacting hills,
haunts its dim woods, sparkles in its waters, and sighs
in its sombre pines, there is much to excite and atimulate the poetic mind. This magic Mr. Whittier has
felt and obeyed; and thus it happens that he has illustrated in poetry.—as Mr. Harthorne has admirably
done in prose,—the character of a time and a people
passed away. But he has not rested hows. In
all his truest poems we recogniss the master
spirit of one who in the highest realms of thought
and feeling possesses the right of eminest domain.
To the human intellect and the human stume, so the
sublime aspirations and conflicts of the one, and
to the universal emotions of the other, he has given
that just and beautiful interpretation which only that just and beautiful interpretation which only genius can achieve. Nothing can be finer than man genius can achieve. Nothing can be note that more fast in of his poems of thought, passion, and sentiment. They are at once earnest, true, and tender, vigorou and splendid as a diamond morning, and stately with the strong swell of martial music. Of such poems the little book of 'Home Ballads' is not destitute. These constitute its value and its charm, and these comme it to the kindly appreciation of all lovers of go

THE BURCH CASE.

The Burch case is up again, and all its wrethed tails—especially those of a lascivious characteristic reproduced at length.

That any pertinent lesson will be drawn from case is not to be expected.

wiff oe so to manage it as to minister to the pruries

takes to the comments.

The great fact that when a wife is unfaithful to her husband the whole world is shocked, whereas when a husband is unfaithful to his wife it scarcely excites a passing remark, will be quietly overlooked.

In all such matters, men are indulged with immuni-

ty not only from persecution, but from criticism.

To allude to the matter in any way is looked upon as an exhibition of bad taste.

It is understood that men are to do as they please, and no questions saked, while women are to be held to

and no questions asked, while women are to be
the strictest possible account,
Now and then a husband gets found out, but the
matter is at once husbed up, and the wife is told by
everybody that all she has to do is to submit, which
she generally does and with suprisingly good grace.
She can't understand why such a difference should

a par with that of a common prestitute,—with the infidelity of a husband shall be considered as a very trivial affair, not to affect his social standing in any

way—unless for the better.

This wonderful conclusion of the reasoning faculty cannot be stated too often, since it affords the most

We mean, of course, the male human brain. The male human brain, however, when it comes treat of woman and her relations, is always mayor

rain (admitting its existence) almost to idiocy.

It sees how what is infamy in a woman, is in a man oothing but gallantry.

It sees how that freedom of action which is the glory

of a man, would in a woman be ber shame.

It sees how the sphere of mus should be unlimited, and the sphere of woman be narrowly cirpum-

erforming the same labor.

It sees how man should do all in his power to exclude woman from industrial pursuits, and then assessed. clude woman from industrial pursuits, and ti plain of her as a being of limited capacity. It sees how a learned man should be pre savan, and a learned woman be ridicaled a

other number which may suft masculine caprice.

And before this decision of the male human hada,

woman has to succumb.

She don't exactly understand it, but she grames that after all it is about right or else it wouldn't but, though she sometimes has her doubts.

Reasoning, for example, on simple principles, he don't see why an unfaithful wife should make seen a first the world, when unfaithful humands are seen.

deligence of his passions, while woman is restricted, under the linevinst passions, within the narrowest conventional limits.

We repeat that this may be all right, but it is well that the fact should now and then be placed upon record, if only as a convincing proof of the wonderful deverness and cunning of the male human brain.

EPHEMERAL WRITERS

There is a large class of persons in the com-to whom the epithet Ephemeral Writer seems

The writers of dull and ponderous volumes upon a user of abstrace and useless subjects imagine that the have secured for themselves a lasting fame, as soon a they have transferred their dulness to one of the class of books which are so fitly described as workwhich no gentleman's library should be without. It may be that they have, though for the peace of posterity we hope that they have not.

But whether they have or not is a matter of versuall importance.

are timety, toas they are suggestive, or amusing, is wasting one's talents or squandering one's life. There is no more reason why a writer should be tried by the touch-stone of immortality than a preacher, a singer, a banker, or a merchant should be subjected to

either in speech or in writing, and be does so, to the pleasure or profit of those immediately about him, he has lived his life well, whether future ages bear of him

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. It is now, here, and to-day, that the literary man work to do that may well engage all his ability. Let him leave to the future its own needs.

His fame, either present or posthumous, must are of itself. The world has always been too much troubled

The world has always been too much troubled with demands upon it for admiration; though it is still too willing to accord it to the grasping and pretentious. To speak a true word, to write a condensed article, is generally more difficult than to prepare for print any amount of pompous verbosity.

In the world of London, with all its literary ability and its wonderful wealth of books, the number of men who can write for Punch, who can condense a thought into a squib or a satire into a joke, has always been extremely few and difficult to find.

And we shall any one may that the writers for Punch.

ways been extremely law and culmcuit to ind.

And yet shall any one say that the writers for Punch,
phemeral though they are, have wasted their lives?

On the contrary they have done the best work for
good literature, and what is grander than good literature, for manliness of life, that this nineteenth con-

ary has seen.

It tires and diagusts us to hear this talk of ephemeral writers, and of the necessity that men should dev

Mrs. Jameson's labors in the history of Art are valuable as serving to popularize and render accessible the information which would otherwise require a life-long

study to attain.

It is perhaps better that in this American reprint there has been no attempt to reproduce the engravings of the original publication; as a useful hand-book their omission in the reprint should have been perhaps amply compensated for by the introduction of a full and securate index. But at present it seems foolish to expect anything like completeness and perfection of details in the arrangement of books published in this

tistic culture.

The facts about the origin of the worship of the Madouna, and the dates when the legends about her arose, are worth more in the history of mankind, than any

the earliest times the fact that women existed in the world, and were a more or less necessary part of oversion, must have a move or see necessary part of creation, must have appeared evident to any thoughtful man whose attention was turned to the consideration of the mystery of life.

It has never been seconary to enforce upon the artistic element of our nature the proof that the womanly part of creation was as divinely mysterious as the manly.

manly.

In the fact that mankind have always been divided

In the fact that mankind have always been divided into men and women, is to be found the origin of the worship, which, in all imaginative erra, deified the woman equally with the man.

Her would it perhaps be amiss, even in this age, to insist upon the fact that women are a necessary half of creation, and entitled therefore to some consideration in the study of the social science of life.

If the practical tendencies of the present should introduce into our daily life the reverence and respect for the Divinity which stirs within each one of us, a givey and a grandeur would characteries this age as such greater than the culture of the ages which recorded in their pictures the Lagends of the Madonna, as the freedom of life is greater than even the freedom of Art.

CHROMATIC PRETIVITIES

From our contemporary, The Angle-African, near that Mr. J. U. R. Smith,—the name scene to be carbin sound of familiarity,—'having lost qui app amount by his recent picale," the 'two orders, agitims and Swithers and Sisters of Love and Charles. for the purpose of expressing their sympathy in a peno dual manner. This they performed after the modern style of genetical loss and checity, by getting up 's complementary festival on Nov. 1st, in the Metropoli Separate of the Maries of Separate in the Party

by Mr. O. H. Hicks, R.N.C., S.LO. of Q.S., of first lay Mr. O. H. Hicks, R.N.C., S.LO. of Q.S., of first layer (white), and Mr. J. U. R. Smith, R.W.N.Q.J., by Mr. O. H. Hicks, R.N.C., S.L.O. of Q.S., of first branch (white), and Mr. J. U. B. Smith, R.W. N.G.J., of second branch of the same order (colored). Then Mr. Smith was presented with a well-filled purse (yellow). 'A beautiful bound little was then present-ed to the Fountain Union Lodge (dark remest). An unknown lady (blue) then sang several songs. Supper was then announced (dth), and after oysters all went home (marks). home (mauve).

THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

To the Ancient of the S. P.

In the last Saturday Prims, I find that you 'regret' to see that Count Gurowski has lugged in the question of Slavery, —that you 'don't care to mix up in 'any way in the anti-Slavery discussion, and as a general rule, shall exclude the topic from your columns.' Perhaps, Ancient, this means that you are willing to have your own may, on the side you at present lean to, but don't care to have others introde their opposite

views, to any extent.

Of course you can do as you please about this; but nevertheless, I have a desire to make a second exception to your 'general rule.'

The reason is, that, after declaring that for thirty

years not a sensible word has been written on the subject, you go on with choice written words of your own, thereby offering the intimation, from which the candid reader cannot escape, that the long-missing sensible words—a few of them, at least,—are at last

before the world.

Not to push the matter widely, I wish, Ancient, simply to take these words of yours, as arranged in paragraphs, and gives note on each paragraph, from the other side. I will endeavor to do this with as few 'noisy er side. I will endeavor to do this with as few 'noisy and unmeaning howh,' as circumstances will allow. I certainly believe that you afford a capital series of texts for more protracted argument; but I prefer, on the whole, to just look at the precise meaning of what you

Here, then, is your first paragraph : We regret to see that Count Gurowski, in his 'Minor Experi-nous' of this week, has lugged in the question of Slavery, upon rhich neither he nor any man in the country, has written a sensi-ie word since the discussion commerced, some thirty years ago.

I take it, however, that your rule of exclusion is not rigid, since you accompany its announcement with a series of observations, not absolutely necessary to a

mere declaration of intentions on this point.

This is opinion, and I sha'n't touch it, except to say that a good many credulous people believe that the discussion is older than you say; that George Washington was in at the beginning with some words more or less sensible; that Thomas Jefferson also got his hand in; and that others, about the same time, helped to orm the early ring.

Here is the second paragraph:

We have often been urged to join in the anti-Saut have steadily refused.

This is a delicate business, perhaps; but I do think, Ancient, that a good many years ago, not thirty per-haps, your name was high and honored among those who 'crusaded' in the strongest anti-Slavery style. know you. How is it? Tell us. And if so, why the renunciation?

Paragraph number three is as follows :

We are opposed to slavery of every kind—as the readers of th Saruman Pams are well aware—but we are even more opposed in what is stop-thy called anti-Slavery, for the simple reason that has no dustinct aim or purpose, and consists of nothing but a serie of noisy and unmenting how.s. So anti-Slavery has ' no distinct aim or po

suppose this is a general way of stating the old proposition that the Republicans, or anti-Slavery people—I speak of them as identical, for the occasion, only because you do—have no definite plan for Slavery abolition, and consequently are without object. Let me be for a molife.

He who amuses and instructs men by his ephemeral productions, is better employed than he would be in waste the time of future readers.

Internal consequently are without object. Let me be for a mo ment figurative: Suppose you have a large and well-to do family—don't start afrighted, this is mere supposition—and a few get bed-ridden with a loathsome disease.

tion—and a few get bed-ridden with a loathsome disease.

But you see a way to check the spread of the distemper. You set about it, with much labor, and at the risk of breaking up your household,—the infected among whom cherish a delusion that their leprosy is the only perfect state of being. Very well. Is that a 'distinct aim or purpose?' And candidly, as far it goes, is not this a fair illustration? And does it not go far enough to exhibit a 'distinct aim

The fourth paragraph, in turn :

No better test of it in this State (where it is in a majority of over 40-140) can be found than in the fact that it has just reluxed to the negro the right of 3-45-45, and yet some of our best friends tried to when ile us into voting for abs Lincoln, and taking an active part in the canvast. Admitting this, what of it? Say that a negro is no

Now and then a husband gyts found out, but the matter is at once husbed up, and the wife is toold by everybody that all she has to do is to submit, which she generally does and with suprisingly good grace.

She can't understand why such a difference should be made between men and women, but that iso we are told) is because she is deficient in intellect.

If she only had the reasoning faculty of must, she would see the justice of the thing at once.

The reasoning faculty is a big thing.

The reasoning faculty is a big thing.

The reasoning faculty has decided that if a wife be so much as suspected of infidelity, she shall at once of the best records once her reputation, while a hustoned may be not only suspected but convicted of infidelity, and yet shad as well with his fellows as ever.

Admitting this, what of it? Say that a negro is not details in the arrangement of books published in this country.

As a writer on Art Mrs. Jameson lays no claim to originality, and it is well for the world that she does not.

Her books are more valuable from the fact that they are the results of careful reading and patient observations, than they would be if they were made up of what is called brilliant and imaginative writing.

Though the history of Art is one of the best records of the preputation, while a hustoned may be not only suspected but convicted of infidelity, and yet shad as well with his fellows as ever.

Admitting this, what of it? Say that a negro is not equal to the privileges of suffrage, and so forth,—is that the decalism that matter to authorise his bondage, to justify hunt-and color that the does not be the subtlement of the south of the south that the does not be a will be sufficient to a support the privileges of suffrage, and so forth,—is caulity to the privileges of suffrage, and so forth,—is dual to the privileges of suffrage, and so forth,—is dual to the privileges of suffrage, and so forth,—is dual to the privileges of suffrage, and so forth,—is dual to the privileges of suffrage, and so forth,—is dua cter unto your 'best friends.' What possible, that they can leave the record of their ce, whether such record be the reformation, a new tallty, a cathedral, a steam engine, or a series of revolts. I don't believe your friends ever tried to

Then comes paragraph number five : Our uniform reply was that the question of Slavery was not up or consideration, but that the only question which the people ore about deciding, was which of two herds of swine shoul-ed at the public trough for the next our years.

The best answer to this, is to point to the trepidation of the advocates and supporters of Slavery
If it is not concerned, if it was not up for conciders say, why these horrid ' noisy and un

Abe Lincoln himself has found this out now, and has just had it ran away from his bone, sike a fugitive slave, to escape from the republican swine who have factored into Springfald by the thou-sized, and all but easen the old follow alive.

To this I can only say that I know, as well as every-ody else, Abe Lincoln has not run away from his home, either like a fugitive slave, or in any other way. And that the Republican swine, if you fancy to call them so, have sor flocked into Springfield by the cousind, or even by the hundred

It will be as much as ever if he survives to b As this depends on its predecessor, it of course falls

rith that. Now, number eight :

If other people choose to be humbugged with the idea that the tepublican party is a great philanthropic organization instituted or the benedit of the tegro, we have no objection.

Ancient, I never heard in my life that the Republican organization was instituted for the benefit of the negro. You know perfectly well, that its honest object is the benefit of this nation, at least for the free States thereof. The negro is a secondary consideration, politically, if not humanly. It is useless to talk about the schemes and trades of the small leaders. They are not the schemes are trades of the small leaders. not the party. The millions who vote are the party.

Look to their 'aim or purpose,' if you want to judge

fairly.

In number nine, you my:

An interbumbag is constinue good for the soul.

Now, Ancient, I think so too; and that is the only way I consoled myself when I rend your article.

And as to number ten:

men right and Here is number oleven

It has merely used the segre as a stepping-stone to power, and a new ready to kick him aside, and let him go to the devil.

Well, Ancient, if you think the Republican party has got eafely over, beyond the aid of stepping-stones, how do you excuse your friends for their exultation over the fact that Republicanism has no show, its pros-pects being now hampered beyond extrication by the opposition of the two great coordinate branches of Gov-

Under these circumstances, we don't care to mix up in any way in the anni-flavery discussion, and, as a general rule, shall exclude the tente from our columns.

the topic from ear columns.

—Is, like number one, an affair of opinion, not to be disputed about, so I leave it. And I leave the whole subject at the same time. You observe that I have done nothing but follow very closely, and with very cautious limit, your own expressions. Certainly there is room enough to go away outside; but I prefer to keep close. The reason is, I want to show, if possible, with what unusual carelessness and reckleaness you approach this interesting topic. If my short comments upon your paragraphs are not always specially relevant to the broad anti-Slavery argument, the fault is yours, for starting irrelevant ideas. I only desire to is yours, for starting irrelevant ideas. I only desire to show that wherever you try to make a point of fact from which conclusions may be drawn, however unim-portant, you are just exactly wrong. To resume: The Slavery discussion commenced a good deal more

than thirty years ago.
You, Ancient, have an old fame as a pron

Slavery man.

The anti-Slavery movement has a distinct aim and

purpose.

The present Southern commotion shows that the only question is not which of two herds of swine, etc.

Ale Lincoln hasn't run away from home.

No sort of swine have flocked into Springfield by the

Lincoln has never been in danger of being

alive, or any other way.

No Republican claims that his party-organize instituted for the benefit of the negro.

The party, not having got over its troubles, is not ready to 'kick aside' any stepping-stone, allowing that there are stepping-stones such as you allege. You will understand, Ancient, that my own notion is, that if the 'sensible worda' on the 'question of is, that if the 'sensible words' on the 'question of Slavery' had not appeared before your article, the de-ficiency was assuredly not supplied thereby. And moreover, much as I regard your acutences and clever-ness, and good sense, I don't believe it's in you ever to say a 'sensible word' on the pro-Slavery side of the

argument.

And that's all there is about it.

Reply. How completely the last paragraph in the above communication justifies us in the determination to ex-clude the Slavery Question, as a rule, from our columns! For here is a really clever young man whom the subject immediately paralyzes, whereas whenever he is let loose upon any other, he invariably says something

let loose upon any other, he invariably says something bright and to the point.

Just throw your eye over the youth's article, and see how curiously he dodges the whole issue.

Our only important point was that we declined, as a general thing, to print anti-Slavery articles, because what is called anti-Slavery has no distinct aim or purpose, but consists of nothing but a series of noisy and

pose, but consists of nothing but a series of noisy and

We proved this position conclusively (so far as this State as is concerned) by showing that the self-etyled anti-Slavery party feels so little interest in bettering the condition of the negro that it has just refused to him even the poor right of suffrage.

The retort that this is no reason for enslaving him means nothing, since whoever would disfranchise the him if he had a chance, since by disfranchising him he already denies his manbood, and thus does all he can, at the North, towards sustaining the grounds upon which he is enslaved at the South.

The other matters touched upon by our youthful

which he is enalayed at the South.

The other matters touched upon by our youthful correspondent are of little import.

The intimation that we are willing to have our own may on the side we at present lean to, but don't care to have others intrude their opposite views to any extent, is a very natural one coming from a Republican, but is simply absurd as applied to the SATURDAY PRIES, which has erred, if at all, in the opposite direction.

It seems that we were mistaken as to the exact number of reditional swine who have recently visited Spring-

ber of political swine who have recently visited Spring-field, and also as to the fact of their having (then) driven old Abe out of the town, but the spirit of our

statement was nevertheless true, as every letter from the place proves, and as, in fact, nobody doubts. When we spoke of the anti-Slavery discussion as of modern date, we alluded, of course, to the revival of

modern date, we allided, or course, to the revives or, the discussion some thirty years ago.

The allusion to our former opinions has no weight with us, since the class of men who provertially never change their opinions is one which, though still very large (so large, in fact, that an institution has just been established for their detention and instruction), we are not particularly anxious to be identified with. not particularly anxious to be identified with.

The medical illustration of our young friend would have been more to the point if it had compared the Republican party to a clique of doctors who, knowing nothing about a disease which had attacked some pe-

culiar class of people in another State, spent their time howling about it, and meanwhile denied to the same class of people in their own midst all medical atten-The fact that the South is alarmed by the action of the Republican party proves no more in its favor, as an anti-Slavery party, than would be proved in favor

of a set of quacks, by the fact that their presence had produced a panic in the hospitals. Finally, when we said that some of our best friends I many, when we said that some of our best friends had tried to wheedle us into joining what is called the anti-Slavery movement, we used wheedle in the dictionary sense of 'entice' or 'cajole,'—just as we might have said, with equal truth, that some of our best nds had been trying to wheedle us into adopting

> PISCATAQUA RIVER.-1860. BY THOMAS BAILBY ALDRICH Thou singest by the gleaming isles, By woods and fields of corn, Thou singest, and the heaven smiles Upon my birthday morn.

But I within a city, I,
So full of vague unrest,
Would almost give my life to lie
An bour upon thy breast. To let the wherry listless go, And, wrapt in dreamy joy, Dip, and surge idly to and fr Like the red harbor-buoy!

To sit in happy indolence, To rest upon the oars, And catch the heavy earthy scents That blow from Summer shores:

To see the rounded san go down, And with its parting fires Light up the windows of the town, And burn the tapering spires! And then to bear the muffled tolls From steeples slim and white, And watch, among the Isles of Sho The Beacon's orange light.

O River! flowing to the main Through woods and fields of corn, Hear thou my longing and my pain This sunny birthday morn!

And take this song which sorrow shape: To music like thine own, And sing it to the cliffs and capes And crags where I am known!

READING FOR THE YOUNG

Whatever may be the apparent physiological absurdity of the statement, yet we have it upon no less anthority than the philosophic Wordsworth that the child is father to the man.

In an educational sense we will however accept this statement, since we find that children in the matter of self-instruction. self-instruction are much wiser than their natural

And if they were not, what would become of the

imagine the dreadful moral condition the next generation would display, if it should not in its early days overcome the evil influences of the moral tales written for its special improvement, by a pretty free indulgence in its childish fancies, if not in such stories as the childital that I had tried to learn his system, and had attend to learn his system.

Among the scientisc mangers on about the venerature at timely and efficacious a corrective as did the imitative virtue of that youth, who, fired with the hatchet story of Washington's boyhood, destroyed his father's pet pear-tree, and, after walting impatiently

Among the scientisc mangers on about the venerature and observations; the same person who subsequently acquired considerable notoriety for losing one which had been entrusted to him.

This savant, from time to time, published in the father's pet pear-tree, and, after walting impatiently until the fact was discovered, rushed eagerly out of his hiding-place, exclaiming in the well-known words:

since they have not yet acquired a self-respect, cunning in concealment, fearful of blame, and impressible, as children are, there is perhaps no worse influence to which they can be subjected, than reading the selfish n morality, the flimsy hypocrisy, and narrow minded dogmatism which makes the staple of what is

called the religious reading for youth.

It is only from the example of those for whom they have a natural and instinctive respect, that children can learn the necessity for truthfulness, and be taught to respect themselves.

For their early reading, as well as for their after tastee in the same matter, association and their instincts will guide them.

As the songs of Mother Goose are more pleasing to a child than the Assembly's Catechism, so will Marryatt, Read, and De Foc, be more useful and interesting than any amount of moral fiction about the apocryphal vir-tues of the good girl of six, or the pious school-boy of

As it is now, however, we are forced to spend the greater part of our lives in freeing our minds from the prejudices and errors we have had forced upon us dur-

In this process perhaps consists our mental growth.

We should therefore be careful that in educating our
children, we do not impose too severe a task of this

MINOR EXPERIENCES IN AMERICA.

XIV. Finally I tried my hand at lecturing.

My first essay was upon Russia, for the professors and other dignitaries of Cambridge; the next was for and other dignituries of Cambridge; the next was for the students of the law-school upon the history of the Roman Law from the period of its origin, down to the epoch when from the influence of learned jurisconsults among the civilians and the clergy, the Roman law became a scientific common law in force among all the nations of Mediaval Europe, permeating the peculiar common laws of France, Germany, England, Spain, and even of Russia, who, together with some ideas of Christianity, received a notion of the Jus Civile from

The professors of the law faculty displayed the kindest attention in following my lectures. So did the stu-dents, who attended the course numerously and listen-

Forbearance was necessary on their part, since my ronunciation must have wounded their tympanums

Such attention was an encouraging testimony to me, since I took it as a proof that at any rate they had con-adence in the conscientiousness of my efforts to bring em the best stores of my mind and memory.

One day I received a polite note from Miss and Miss — , requesting me to call upon them. I went. They were rather elderly maiden ladies, teachers in one of the higher-class schools. They asked me to read Homer, Virgil, and Thucydides, with them. I remarked that I had no objection to expounding the great historian to them, but confessed my inability to ntate the two great masters in poetry. nimes seemed a little slighted at this, supposing

commentate the two great masters in porely.

The misses seemed a little alighted at this, supposing that it was a species of pride on my part, and that I did not wish to condescend, as they said, to instruct school-teachers. They declared, furthermore, that if I suspected I should not be paid, I was wrong, and offered to do so as generously as I wished.

It required all the powers of my rhetoric, dialectics, and sentiment, to convince them of the great veneration in which I held the class of feminine school-teachers and above all, such as desired to make themselves.

tion in which I held the class of feminine school-teach-ers, and above all, such as desired to make themselves familiar with the classics; but that the fact of my having a certain familiarity with the Roman law, or with history in general, did not make me a philologue or a scholiast of classical poetry.

They called my objections nonsense, and pointed to examples of some so-called learned men, who were

It had never occurred to me that I was so great a personage, or that such an advertisement could have been of use to any one.

At an evening gathering in the house of Theodore Parker, he said to me that a indy wished to make my acquaintance, as she had heard I had been a student of German philosophy under Hagel.

I was introduced to the lady, and falt rather unemy, expecting to be precipitated in some metaphysical discussion.

"You studied philo
"Yes, Madame."
"Under Hegel?"
"Yes, Madame."

How long?" "Two years, a time hardly sufficient to go through the whole course."

"You know him?"

"Yes, Madame."

She paused and appeared thoughtful, I expects some terrible metaphysical riddle, when all at one

What was the color of Hegel's eyes and the shape

overcome the evil influences of the moral tales written for its special improvement, by a pretty free indulgence in its childish fancies, if not in such stories as the childish mind instinctively loves.

Perhaps many of our readers can remember with what pleasure they turned from the Sunday-school story of the pious boy who did not beat his sister, and who was consequently rewarded with a piece of cake, an approving conscience, and his aunt's commendation, to the story of Prince Nosey, the history of Crusce, the prowess of the Scottish Chiefs, or, if the moral dose had been long continued, to the horrors of the Pirate's Own Book, or the terrors of Tales of Magic.

It is a matter of wonder that those persons who presume to write for the young should not consider the fact that children are children, as of some importance.

It is Mr. Samivel Weller who insisted that postboys never grew old. We would be more inclined to accept his theory if we could justify such an exception in nature's regular laws by the compensating belief that the writers of instructive and moral tales for youth had never been young.

Certainly if the child is father of the man, what must such dreadful and dreary persons have been during that period of their lives.

It is a pity that their career could not have met it is a pity that their career could not have met at timely and efficacious a corrective as did the imit.

newspapers letters which he had just received from Alexander Humboldt, which letters were always com-

his hiding-place, exclaiming in the well-known words:

'Father, I did it.— I cannot tell a lie;'' and received, then and there, instead of the anticipated commendation, a sound whipping for his mischief.

For those of us who can still remember when we were young, it is amusing to see the ignorance of a child's keenness of perception displayed by the writers of moral stories.

Children are as slightly influenced as adults, by the press their intimacy with Humboldt and his fatherly interest in them.

List a currous fact that the recently published correspondence of the Berlin sage does not contain a single word about either the astronomer or the other American travellers who repeatedly sounded through the press their intimacy with Humboldt and his fatherly interest in them.

cordial affability.

A former American Minister to Berlin could give some curious and instructive revelations of how Hum-boldt was not only annoyed, but has even dreaded the visits of great American travellers and visitors.

games at once without seeing the boards, and in wonder and admiration at the feat, Walker immedi-ly took it for granted that the limits of the possi-had been reached. But before his book had been p And no wender.

Humboldt's each step over the globe struck lumin ous sparks, which science diligently gathered and trans-formed into beacons, illuminating for all time the scien tific progress of his age. But what branch of science was ever illuminated by the so-called celebrated Amer

was ever illuminated by the so-called colorated American travellers, or by the peripatetic astronomer?

Humboldt's great heart beat in unison with the oppressed of all sones and climes. The sympathy of the great American explorer was concentrated in himself, and in those distinguished persons who offered him

their hospitality.

But the oppressed Fellah, Hindoo, Chinaman, Candiote, and Christian under Moslem rule, had his scorinstead of his sympathy.

Gracowsky.

THE OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

We missed him from his long-accustomed round-His dress, well-worn, but acrupulously nest, And pensive eyes that never left the ground, As he paced daily down the villa

We sought him in his lonely room, and there We found him, lying on his pallet, dead; Alone—without a human being near— Lay the cold clay from which the soul had fied.

The charity his pride would not receive The while he lived-the love he would not call Upon for aid, while there was chance to give,— Now gave his ashes decent burial.

As the damp earth received his lifeless clay, In that sad spot where weeds grow not amiss. The lesson of the life, now passed way, Seemed in my mind, to shape itself to this

He was a relic of the days gone by. I was sure that they could understand only a little, His life was strange, as to the modern eye In the quick hurry of the present age a

> He brought into the rush of modern days, The thoughts and feelings of an age no more In harmony with our present ways, Than the old-fashioned garments which he we

ed garments which he wore

The world had grown beyond him, and the stream
Of thought, which makes the progress of mankind
Had rippled past him, as the while we dream,
Time marches slowly, though we lag behind.

The learning of the days when he was young.

The fear of spoiling if he spared the rod,

The old distrust of human kind, which flung Its pall upon the mercy of our God.

The stately bearing, the conventions, all
The dogmas and traditions of his youth,
Had passed away, in what we moderns call
'The glorious advent of the reign of truth.

There now he rests, and if his life can teach

The need to keep our minds forever young. Tis more than high philosophy can preach, And more than poetry has ever sung.

examples of some so-called learned men, who were ready to lecture, teach, or instruct, upon any required subject, and ended by saying that I ought to lay saide my European notions and conceits.

Mr. S. P. Avery and Goupil & Co. have published a line engraving from a picture called 'Morning in the Property of the property of the property of the professors explained to me, that all they probably wished, was to advertise themselves as pupils of Count ——.

Professor Felton, the new President of Harvard Uni-versity, is about to call a Convention for the revision and improvement of the Human Constitution.

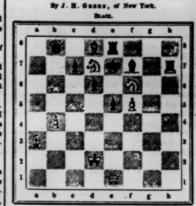
How to Seeme a Good Dinner.

Bolt St.

Chess Column

The New York Saturday Press Novemen 24, 1800.

PROBLEM No. 14.



White to play, and mate in four moves.

OLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 5 E h6-g5 | 3. h3-b47 KING'S CAMBIT

Checker-Work

Children are as slightly influenced as adults, by the promised rewards of suppositious cake. While a child is never too young to learn the lesson of his personal light knowledge of Humboldt's turn of mind, and of his habits and mode of intercourse.

In fact, his life, even from the cradle, is but a continued lesson of this truth.

Quick to observe and to imitate, prone to deceive since they have not yet acquired a self-respect, cunning in concealment, fearful of blame, and impressible, as children are, there is perhaps no worse influence to which was the duty of a much younger man, and which they can be subjected, than reading the subject. games at once without seeing the boards, and in his wonder and admiration at the feat. Walker immediate had been reached. But before his book had been pub-lished ten years, three different players—Morphy, Harr-wits, and Suhle—were contesting eight simultaneous games, and a fourth, Paulsen, no fewer than ten, twelve, and fifteen! And now we have another won-der of the kind in India. According to Dr. Duncan Forbes, Allien's Indian Mail for May 12th last, contained the following account of an Eastern rival of Paulsen:

Forbes, Allen's Indian Mail for May 12th last, contained the following account of an Eastern rival of Paulsen:

"A Brahmin has lately been exhibiting at Bellary extraordinary powers of memory; he is able simultaneously to concentrate his attention on twelve or more different subjects. He performed the other day before a large andience of influential natives of the place, and gave proof of a truly wonderful scope of memory. At this exhibition he played two games of Chem and one of cards without looking at the boards-While thus engaged, verses in Tamil. Teluru. Marhards-While thus engaged, verses in Tamil. Teluru. Marhards. while thus engaged, verses in Tamil, Telugu, Marhat-ta, Hindustani, Persian, and Sancrit, were dictated to him; the words of each verse being given promisen-ously, but with the number of their order. The Hinendar for three days was at the same time read to du calendar for inree days was at the same time read him; a bell was struck, and several small pebbles were thrown at his back. The above occupied about three hours, after which he remained perfectly silent for one hour, and then, to the intense astoniahment of all preshour, and then, to the intense astoniahment of all present, he named every one of the moves on the Ches boards, every card played, and by whom, repeated all the verses correctly, with the words in proper order, gave the calendar verbatim, and to crown all, told the num-ber of strokes on the bell, and how many pubbles had touched his back. This man has been exhibiting his owers of memory in Bombay, Poona, and other places, and holds among other testimonials, one from Lord

Elphinstone."
"If the above account is troe," says Dr. Forbes,
"the Madras Brahmin beats our Transstlantic cousins
all to nothing." We are disposed to think that this
conclusion is still more hasty than that of Walker.
The Brahmin does not excel Paulsen in the number of the easiest task to perform. It is much easier to re-member a number of things widely different from each other, than the same number of things which are very much alike. The Brahmin evidently understood this when he introduced such a diversity into his exhibition. He could not have played twelve simultaneous game of Chess without a much greater effort. For this res son, blindfold players endeavor to vary their ope as much as possible.

— A duplicate of the missing number has been forwarded to J. L., of London. If it does not come to hand he will please inform us of the fact, and we will

Ty again.

— In Samuel Daniel's Collection of the History of England (1634), it is related that, "after the two Princes had beene there awhile, they went to visite the King of France at Onestenc; where feasting certains dayes, upon an after-dinner, Henry won so much at Cheme of Louis, the King's eldest some, as hee grew into Choller, called him the some of a' Bastard, and threw the Cheme in his face. Henry takes up the Cheme-board, and strake Louis, with that force, as drew blood, and had killed him, had not his brother Relect come in the meanetime, and interposed himselfs; whereupon they suddenly tooks horse, and with much ado recoved Posticies, from the King's people that pursued them. This quarrell arising, upon the intermeeting of these Princes (a thing that seldome breades good blood amongst them) reliakindled a heate of more rancor in the Fathers, and beganne the first warms between the Replain and Franch." When Twins quoted this passage, he omitted the last sentence.

— The Chem-seldor of The Breaklys Shandard intends to indulge in a Problem Tournament. He offers a sat of Stannton Chemmen for the best three problems in three, four, and five moves; a copy of the English offition (which one) of Morphy's games for the best single three-move position; and a copy of Stannton's Chem Fraxis for the best problem in two moves.

— The first section of the Free Tournament at the Member of Chem Fraxis and the section of the Free Tournament at the Member of the section of the Free Tournament at the Member of the section of the Free Tournament at the Member of the section of the Free Tournament at the Member of the section of the Free Tournament at the Member of the section of the Free Tournament at the Member of the section of the Free Tournament at the Member of the section of the Free Tournament at the Member of the section of the Free Tournament at the Member of the section of the Free Tournament at the Member of the section of the Free Tournament at the Member of the section of the Free Tournament at the Member o - In Samuel Daniel's Collection of the History of

Morphy Chem Booms will close on Salar present week.

— In the match between six players of New York and an equal number of Breeklyn, the fargar have coved five games and the latter three.

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The City.

NOT BY WALT WHITMAN.

1 I beg you will read my poem-you that are come

l beg you will read my poem - you that are come from Osyka-Osyka, the village in the country, away up on the Jackson italiroad.

I am indifferent, however, Whether you are of Osyka, or Jersey City, or Terry, or Hong Kong, or Canton.

So that you come from the country, read it, and profit of it. Beulah!

- 2. I will show you great sights, I will; the elephan and her brood, The sebra, the boar constrictor, the aquaria. Sight-
- You that dwell in the rural districts, that eat corndodgers, smoke
 Kilekenick, and go to bed at eight 7. m., with you boots on, come with me.
- 4. Ramble over the city—the city! huge, grand, vast, very long and
 Creacent-like, very low and flat, filled with brick houses and wooden houses.
 Square granite pavements, and telegraphic posts and wires; with large
 People, small people, short proje and long people, and thin people and thick
 People. Come, unsuphisticated male wood nymph!
 Perambulate!
- You shall see cotton, in bales, and tobacco, and and rice, and sugar, in very Large parcels, stowed on the levee promiscuously, clerks attending to the same!
- C. You shall ga; e with wonder therest—at the steam-boats, at the sleek, Large, powerful, well-developed, happy, laughing negroes. Reflect upon the Immense amount of cash of which the whole is the representative!
- 7. You shall behold Celtic, Saxon, and Teutoni dr.ymen; Tandems, One-horse carts, furniture and express wagons trunks, hat-boxes, etc.
- Wrinkled and old, colored, crones calling g imbo, and rice; Card-waters, hackmen, baggers, smashers and bastmen, regues in buckram. Jemima Ann, Jenkina—the inevitable J—loungers, business men, Human amphibians, that delve and sleep under Whatves,
 Knuck-men, huge clouds of dust, smoke, and so
 forth.
- forth.

 You like Lager! so do I.
 Of course, and Limberger! Zwei glasses for you and me, and Schweitzer kasse!

 'Das ist recht brav!' You speak Gurman, evidently! Same case.
- 'Hilf gamiel! hilf! Encore, cheese and lager, Iche gebe mit, Pipes.'
- Now let me introduce you to Smith.

 Smith is one of our first citizens
 Bully for Smith! hip! hip!—
- Bully for Smith! hip! hip!—
 This is Canal street!
 The Bue de la rue, isn't it? See the dry goods palaces. There's where the Cotton inoney goos. Unnibuses, lovely women, calas, Clay monument!
 Signs of a street railroad. Business people hurrying to ami from the P. O.
 St. Charles in the distance; Daguerreotype sa'cons; newspaper
 Loys shousing; drays rumbling and knots of idle
 usen on the corners:
- 13. Those spruce, natty-sleek, fancy, half vulgar dress-od chaps,
 With worked bosom shirts and red cravats and re-dundance of jewelry,
 Are second-class spotts from Chicago— Chicago! a beautiful place! Famous for trunk-breakers and special policemen. Been there.
- 14. Those with tin-plates on their breasts are perlice Of the faith which keeps them in employ. They are conservators, Men-grabhers, ferreters out of malefactors, of snap pers-up of pers-up of trifles; bogles, thimble-riggers, and such like animalcula.

 They are hydra-eyed: they see to the right, to the left, up, down,
 Back-ways, side-ways, across-ways, length-ways, right angle,
 Left angle, and all ways except right ways,
 Which, they don't see it!
- This is the bar-room of the Hotel,
 Large, dark, noisy; auxiloneers crying off wares;
 sheriff selling out
 People who can't pay; cigar stand and two stoves;
 brandy ten cents
 Per glass; sandwiches without ham, hungry lunch
 eaters! Promiscuous crowd: dog dealers, dog fanciers, and dog stealers; Black and Tan and St. Ber-nards

mards.

bteamboat captains, clerks, pilots, engineers, deck
hands, barbers,

Btewards, ropers, sweaters, men-about-town;
chameleons, cutton man,
Sugar man, coffee man, bullies, blowers, bulgers,
and burglars!

- 16. The Shell Road, 2:40; fancy drivers. The Lake, The Shell Road, 2:40; fancy drivers. The Lake, shallow in depth, Heavy blows, knocking things to smash; the light-h suse, the pier.

 The bridge, the toil-gate, the race track; Martin, Many Ducats I likok's porter-house steaks, fish, French brandy, Hautbrion!

 The Canal, Major Ranney, Chacun a son Gout. Pootry buy!
- 17. The procession by night; gas lights, torch lights, oil lights; politics!

 Every one hurraing for Bell, for Douglas, for Breck-
- 18. The Museum! Ah, ha! The hippopotamus, pachydermata; the Arab! Burnt cork in the Academy; the Ethiopian comics;
- 19. The Phoenix, next door : the restaurant, the bar Tenpins, the pictures, Bidwell, Many guns, pigs' feet and toasts.
- The Club, merchants, ship brokers, cotton brokers,
 politicians, lawyers,
 Judges, idlers, fleats that drift, ship-like, on the
 waves of society.
 Bores, n e s with, and men without incomes. Fast odigals viv (who go to witness horse-races
- and fist fights aday) engaged in smoking, drinking, talking Reading newspapers, playing dominoes, billiards And straining their nerves in coloring meer Old fugies I bald-headed offenders, who lecture or

Old logies I baki-headed offenders, who lecture on abstract morality. Openly practice, but legitimating ains by flexible philosophy. Which admits of their going home blind as bats, soggy and sociable.

- 31. The Saloons supper at eleven—the Jack and the Eight spot; lookouts,
 Dealers, insiders, outsiders, case-keepers, cappers,
 Huchah!
- 22. The Faubourg-Champagne; Kirsch Wasser, sar-dine, music,
 Garrote collars, fancy neck-ties. Portrait char-mant, portrait de mon am! 'Shangha's abort-waisted coats with immense long
- and oysters.

 23. The misunderstanding—the reproof valiant—the countercheck quarrelsome.

 The lie circumstantial—the lie direct. The blow—to a French citizen:

 The melec—Derringors, the knock-down and dragont, boaleversement!

 The melec—Derringors, the knock-down and dragont, boaleversement! out, bouleversement!

 Watchmen (what of the right?), the arrest—inmarketing. The calaboose!

The Stern Crier, the black eye, the headache, and nervousses.
The good-natured reporters. The 'won't do so no more '—the release.

- 25. These are the sights of the city—the city with its tall spires;
 With its rights and its wrongs; with its humanities and coldnesses;
- with its rights and its wrong; with its hamani-ties and coldnesses;
 With its charities and unforgivenesses; with its brick houses and frame houses;
 With its high doggeries and low doggeries. Its squaker and its affirence.
 With its first class Puffers and second class readers;
 Better stay away from it, you that dwell in subur-ban locations,
 Which, of course, you don't see it. Beulah!!!

(Prom Harper's Monthly for December.

HOW THE COURSE OF TRUE

incessantly.

"Take comfort, boy," whispered the old gentleman; "my time has come—why should I stay? I am going - I am going to meet your mother, Mark.

Be true to yourself, boy—be just to others—never do that "Take comfort, boy," whispered the old gentlewhich you would not have known-I-give me your hand-here-I am cold-God bless you -"

grosser senses.

After the funeral the house seemed the desolate place that only a country-house can seem after death has visited it. Every room had its especial phantom, day or night, and young Thorley, being of the dreamy, imaginative sort, felt that he should soon become in-sone if he remained there. Each object that met his eye serve i to recall his great bereavement, and to open afresh the wounds that would not heal. Life seemed already exhausted to his grief-jaundiced vision. The love he had borne his father was peculiarly intense,

A rough roof, a floor, and some benches, made it a convenient shooting-box in the wild-duck season, and a pleasant place to take a book and a cigar to for a cool

"The kiln," said Mark, "shall be my bermitage; and there, in a simple and studious life, I will forget both myself and the world."

and there, in a simple and studious life, I will forget both myself and the world."

Assisted by a mason and carpenter, the young man soon contrived to make his hermitage quite an agreeable babitation. The fluor was evened, the window glazed, a rustic porch leulit over the narrow door, a fire-place, pantry, book-shelves, writing-desk, etc., put up inside, and with a few articles of furniture from the extremity of which the hermitage stood. the villa, the kiln assumed a really cheerful air of

Here the self-appointed recluse took up his abode. The procession by night; gas nights, torten lights; politics!

Every one hurraing for Bell, for Douglas, for Breck-inridge.

Not one shout for Rome, and Lincoln. The re-boring farm-house. His days were passed in reading, and a Miss Brydon's life was not diversified. exercise. When more amusement was wanted he caught fish, dropping his line from the window of his examine the sketch-book are had awed from lors.

> An indolent, aimless life, and one which must of necessity become territidy ennuyeux, somer or later, to a cultivated and intelligent man. But it was good for Mark in his then condition. There is nothing like worn volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking utenoutward caim to soothe a fire within. Orief consumes itself—wears itself out—if it has nothing to prey upon; and Mark found, in the course of a few months, that his first agony had subsided into a softened regret. He no longer felt horror in contemplating his loss; but found, incleed, a pensive pleasure in recalling the happy hours he had passed with his father on the Point, in the woods, or upon the bay, whose ever-restless waters washed the Thorley estats.
>
> The villa was advertised to let, and soon found a soon found as the few clean dishes and cooking unters with well-worm volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking the worm volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking the worm volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking untersuits worm volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking untersuits worm volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking untersuits was taken dishes and cooking untersuits was taken dishes and cooking untersuits worm volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking untersuits was taken dishes and cooking untersuits worm volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking untersuits was taken dishes and cooking untersuits worm volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking untersuits was taken dishes and cooking untersuits was taken dishes and cooking untersuits worm volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking untersuits worm volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking untersuits worm volumes; the few clean dishes and cooking untersuits was represented from the rafters; the fashing-tackle, over the mantle; the bad in its curvatured alcove; the mantle; the properties and fowling-please was properties.

nant. Mrs. Brydon, a widow lady, whose husband had met his death in Florida, while acting in the ca-pacity of major in the regular army, finding herself too much reduced in means to keep up her fashionable residence in the city, became the occupant of the de-serted house, and lived there with her only daughter, almost as secluded as Mark in his kiln.

The Saloons - supper at eleven—the Jack and the Eight spot;

The Turn - the winners and the losers - the checks, red, white, and blue.

The Bolette Tab's - Protty boy behind 1: 25 black; plenty of silver.

Contlemen, losers, spongers, clarks, employers. before he consenses.

before he consenses to become his tenand seen that he was as little likely, to intrude himself upon her before she consented to become his tenant; and under these auspices the relation was remarkably well sustained, as they never met except on quarter-day, when the stately form and black piercing cyes
of the widow appeared in the hermitage for half an
hour, with wonderful punctuality. The rent paid—always in gold—and the receipt signed, the young man
invariably invited his tenant to take a biscuit and a
glass of sherry, which she invariably accepted. In a
glass of sherry, which she invariably accepted. In a
es rude cellar, hollowed out of the rock beneath the floor,
Mark kept a small supply of excellent wine—a part of
Mark kept a small supply of excellent wine—a part of

"Do you find the house comfortable, Mada:
"Very-comfortable, I thank you, Sir."
"Whatever repairs or alterations you may
bug you will stiend to. The expense incurred
dadneted from the rest."

"Quite. Has your health been good?"
"Very good, thank you."
"And your daughter?"
"She is well, I thank you, Sir. Good m

Good morning, Mada month, this dialogue was held, during the commun-tion of the wine. Not a word more or less was even spoken, the only variation being in the widow's re-marks about the weather. These, of course, were made to suit the facts. Them for three menths more

It was on a charming morning in September, a little more than two years after Mark had begun his hermit LOVE RAN SMOOTH.

BY GEORGE ARNOLD.

A cold easterly wind, laden with a sharp and pittless rain, raved about the villa on Thorley's Point. In spite of the comfortable fires, the warm capeta, the double windows, and the excellent construction of the building, a damp and dreary atmosphere pervaded it. As duck fell the long purlors became intolerable. Their furnitives assumed glostly forms in the surveying half-

building, a damp and dreary atmosphere pervaded it. As duck fell the long parlors became intolerable. Their furniture assumed glocally forms in the mysterious half-light, and myriad shapes seemed starting every moment from the curtains and mirrors.

Nor was the rest of the house one whit more cheery. The spacious bedchambers were chilly and moist, and cold currents swept the halls and entries, moaning at every keyhole like the ghosts of the marinsang shome, one could but think, that fearful storm had wrecked. Perhaps the corner chamber, over the first drawing-room, was the saddest, dreariest of all. There, on the wilde and luxuious bed, lay Squire Thorley, owner of the villa and estate, rich and influential, respected, honored, and loved, but now in the clutches of that awful sovereign who claims our allegiance one day, whether we will or no, and laughs at our houses and lands, our wealth and influence, our respect, honor, and love, alike!

Mark Thorley, the old Squire's only son, a well-grown and comely young fellow of two-and-twenty, knelt begile his father's couch praying and sobbing incessantly.

hand—bere—I am cold—God bless you—"

That was all.

The wind roared and wailed about the mansion, and the whirling, driving rain beat upon roof and window, turn either Squire Thorley nor his son took beed. The one lay cold and moveless in the embrace of death, and the other's passionnte grief burned out all his grosser senses.

After the more II has bouse asserted the desolate.

After the more II am cold—God bless you—"

was finished, but the beat was at its highest, and Mark found it expedient to walk slowly, and to rest frequently, in the shadow of some lofty boulder or ruined sea-wall, on his homeward way. In one of these stopping-places, a mile from his hermitage, he beat was at its highest, and Mark found it expedient to walk slowly, and to rest frequently, in the shadow of some lofty boulder or ruined sea-wall, on his homeward way. In one of these stopping-places, a mile from his hermitage, he beat was finished, but the beat was at its highest, and Mark found it expedient to walk slowly, and to rest frequently, in the shadow of some lofty boulder or ruined sea-wall, on his homeward way. In one of these stopping-places, a mile from his hermitage, he beat was finished, but the beat was at its highest, and Mark found it expedient to walk slowly, and to rest frequently, in the shadow of some lofty boulder or ruined sea-wall, on his homeward way. In one of these stopping-places, a mile from his hermitage, he beat was faits highest, and Mark found it expedient to walk slowly, and to rest frequently, in the shadow of some lofty boulder or ruined sea-wall, on his homeward way. In one of these stopping-places, a mile from his hermitage, he beat was frequently, in the shadow of some lofty boulder or ruined sea-wall, on his homeward way. In one of the walk slowly, and to rest frequently, in the shadow of some lofty boulder or ruined sea-wall, on his homeward way. In one of the walk slowly, in the shadow of some lofty boulder or ruined sea-wall, on his homeward way. In one of the walk slowly, in the shadow of some lo

of the brook, fell saleep.

Awakening, he found that the bay was all affame with the reflected glories of the autumnal sunset, and the dark shadows that began to creep over the Eastern horizon warned him that it was time for him to be at

home.

He hurried on at an accelerated pace, refreshed and strong after his nap, and had already come in sight of the Point, when he heard the sound of hurried footsteps and quick breathing close behind him.

lowe he had borne his father was peculiarly intense, and while he thought only of the sundering of that love, he could see nothing bright in the future or worthy in the present.

"Let me live in solitude and peace," he said; "there is, after all, more enjoyment in apathy than in activity. I will henceforth be a hormit."

In the halcyon days when his father had been his constant companion, in study and in recreation—for they were more like two college friends than like father and son—they had built a sort of Summer-house on the farthest end of the Point, aided by the remains of an ancient lime-kiln that stood there. A strata of limestone, cropping out above water, produced this idleness, to the worship of beauty. She could not relimestone, cropping out above water, produced this point, and a former owner had quarried it pretty extensively, burning it into lime in this kiin, and shipping it from a rough pier close at band.

The pier had long since been washed away, but the walls of the kiin were stout; and as the graceful woodbine had covered the ruin, making it a picture—

"Miss Brydon, I believe?" said Mark, at length, in a tone of surprise.

" res, Sir. Excuse me, but I think you left this book back yonder by the creek, did you not? I saw you sleeping there as I passed down the shore, and when I returned found the book near by."

In truth Mark had forgotten his sketch-book when he left his sleeping-place.

"I am greatly obliged to you," he said; "It was

very careless of me to leave it, and very thoughtful of you to restore it to me. I am sorry, however, that

"It is but a few steps to my den, out yonder," said Mark; "and you seem tired. A glass of wine will in-vigorate you. Will you accept of the poor hospitality

liked to see the work of others.

After the simple hospitality of the place—theretofore sacred to quarter-day—had been partaken of by the young lady, she departed, gently refusing Mark's profer of excert to the villa.

"What is the matter with you, Lois?" saked her "I'm sure I don't think so, mamma. I feel stupid,

to be sure; but that is my normal condition, yes know. Did you ever notice, manuae, what a very handsome young man we have for a landlord? I met him to-day on the beach."

As for Mark, his head was quite full of the unwont-

As for Mark, his head was quite but of the suvents of experience of the afternoon. When he sat on the porch, in the fading twilight, thoughtfully pulling a long chibouque, after supper, a face kept arising on the pale gray wreaths of smoke—a fine maidealy face, with flashing eyes and roay checks—growing, and fading, and growing, till, angry with himself, he went it and

ome. It may have been very foolish—so doubt in a bottle of golden shere
e stereotyped conversatenant—ensued.
tfortable, Madame f"
you, Sir."
She passed nearly half her time on the beach, and the
number of sketches she male, the shells and minimals
ahe collected, the walking-shoes she wore out, and the
typens incurred may be
facts she learned concurring tides, winds, etc., were
beyond belief. Mark Thorley, too, seemed Where.

and—fatal sign ! - the most of his writings now, instead of being learned essays, treatises, etc., were rhythmed and metred, with lines ending in 'sigha,' eyes,' blisses,' kisses,' and the like. His hermitage bore a neater order in its arrangements, and upon its walls appeared new aketches, in pencil and in 'color, executed in a more delicate style than his own, and bearing the initials 'L. B.' in their corners.

To be brief, the treath was just what these trifles indicated. Lois Brydon had thawed the ice of the bermitages, and was on the most excellent terms with its

to be cree, use train was just what those trimes in-tings, and was on the most excellent terms with its hitherto gloomy and misanthropic inhabitant. Mrs. Brydon was not altogether in her daughter's confidence. She did not know how intimate the young

Moreover, she loved him!

One night, after an unusually agreeable afternoon,
Mark persuaded Lois to take supper with him, in order
to test the kind of fare that a recluse could enjoy.
His stock of bread, butter, and eggs, was freshly procured from the neighboring farm-house; and he proposed to catch some fresh fish, wherewith to made a
savory broll. The young girl consented; and the supper, further enlivened by, excellent coffee and a bottle
of shell the suppersonment of the sup-

awory broil. The young girl consented; and the supper, further enlivened by excellent coffee and a bottle
of choice Burgundy, was pronounced delicious.
"I will escort you home," said Mark, "and astonish your good mother by calling upon her."
"She will be astonished, but not displeased, I think.
She paid you a compliment the other day."
"No! did she? What was it?"

"O, I can't. She said I was not so much of a fo oked, perhaps?"

"That I knew what good company was?" "That-that-I could cook a blackfish just

"No. That is true, but she doesn't know

"Then I can't guess. Tell me."
"Well; she said you were too much of a gentle

and too handsome—too handsome, mind you—to live the life you had chosen, and that it was a shame!" "O, spare my blushes!" In light and playful conversation the supper passed, and it was not until the dishes were cleaned and put away—a task at which Lois merrily assisted—that the young folks discovered it was raining. "It is nothing," said Mark confidently: "the wind

told her a story—some quaint little fancy of one of the old writers that he loved. Then they made another investigation into the weather, and found that the wind had shifted. It was blowing steadily from the ortheast, and the rain came with increased force.

"It is going to be a storm, sure enough; but it must lull soon, and we can hurry over to the house down upon the bay. The wind roared louder and louder, and the waves broke in long lines of sheeted foam

or, and the waves broke in long lines of ancested loan upon the weather side of the promontory. Lois began to be frightened, and Mark did his best to allay her fears, though he himself foresaw a tem post. Meanwhile every moment served to augmen the fury of wind and rain. It was the equinoctia

"My poor mamma will be frightened to death," and the young girl. "I only wish she knew I was safe. I did not tell her where I was going when I left the house this afternoon, and she will surely think I am drowned."

"It would be very dangerous to try a walk in this

weather, Lois. The path is none of the safest by day-light, through those old quarries, and now one might easily get a few broken bones in the attempt."

"But what can we do? This storm will not abate

No signs of a calin could be seen though from th window. A long wind-row of phosphorescent light, ever shattered and ever renewed as the waves broke constantly increasing noise of the gale and the surf showed that worse weather was yet to come.

At nine o'clock, meterological affairs being no bet ter, Lois decided that she would make an attempt, a all events, to gain her home, and quiet the ala

all events, to gain her home, and quiet the alarm she knew her mother must feel.

Stoutly wrapped up in Mark's oil-cloth coat, with a handkerchief tied over her hat and under her chin, she set out boldly in the driving rain and wind, accompa-nied by the hermit, who, for the first time since for-swearing the world, found a pair of soft white hands

clinging closely to his arm, and a girlish form nestling limidly at his side. The tremendous gusts sweeping in from the sea, and the sharp rain blinded them so that they could the post of protector to Lois. I shall then have a scarcely tell which way they were going. Indeed, the right to repel all malicious or thoughtless words conscarcely tell which way they were going. Indeed, the only manner in which they could advance with any surety was by Mark's going ahead with a lanter which he had thought to bring with him, explori the path for a few feet, and then returning for his

ever, was soon abruptly termina During the quarrying days of the Point a portion of the promontory had been blasted away, its whole width, below the high-water mark, so that at full tide g days of the Point a portion of cutting off the communication between the kiln and the main shore. This inlet had, of late years, been filled up with sand and earth, washed into it, and was as solid a causeway as could be desired, with grass, weeds, and even small shrubs growing upon it. The terrific violence of the wind, and the softening influence of the rain, had now loosened crumbled and nally washed away every vestige of this filling up, leav-ing a wide torrent raging and foaming between its jagged shores, and leaving the unbappy travellers iso-

sted upon their rocky island.
"My God!" shouted Mark, trying to make his vok audible above the tumult of the storm, "we are cut off! The bank is washed away, and the tide is still ris-

she turned her face imploringly up toward him. He words were borne far away as soon as they were utter

words were borne far away as soon as they were utte ed; but her expression and gesture said, "What is it be done?" plainly enough.

"Back again!" shouted the young man, pointly toward the kiln; it is of no use to stay here. The is last is ten feet deep, and swift as Niagara!" She clung to him now in terror, and went submi-sively back to the hermitage, whence a cheery red fir light glowed out upon the darkness and gloom.

"Thank heaven, we are at least out of peril," mid be, as he closed the door and cast a glance around the dry and cony apartment.
"Yes; what a terrible night—" she mused a mo

"Yes; what a terrible night—" she mused a mo-ment; "but it can't be helped—it is very awkward, though—very varations, isn't it?" Both laughed a little.
"Never mind, Loks," said Mark; "we can have a decamat time anyhow. We will read and sing and haw. I will get up a late supper—just a trifle, you mow, by-and-bys- and we shall be famously merry! Ill I'm sorry about is, that your mother will be so larmed."

woes off, the proread aloud to her from his fa the strings of an old mando dingy India-ink drawing of their supposed appearant when they discovered the inlet. Thus the time passed charmingly till after midnigh

Thus the time passed charmingly till after mixinght, when they began to feel hungry, and the hermit—a strange sort of hermit now!—brought his culinary knowledge into play once more.

The supper and coffee finished, they sat down on each side of the fire-place as quietly and domestically as two old married people. Mark whified thoughtfully away at his fragrant cherry-stemmed chibouque, and Lois, seated in his arm-chair, gazed meditatively at

some prophetic pictures in the coals.

"I my—" began Mark suddenly, but looking up the discontinued his observation. Lois had fallen into a peaceful siumber, so he preferred to look at her with-

ut awakening her. The fitful red light of the fire played across her face bringing out its fine, high-bred features in rich relief of shine and shade. Her blue veined lids with their long black lashes concealed her eyes, but gave an expression of holy calm that atoned for want of vivacity. Her wealth of shadowy hair, somewhat disheveled by the night's adventures, swept down in wavy masses upon her shoulders. So she sat, her head bowed a little forward, her rosy lips parted in slumber, her fair hands listlessly folded on her lap—a picture fit to make a hermit of a lover, or a lover of a hermit!

Long and expressit with Mark study this lovely vision

Long and earnestly did Mark study this lovely vision of repose and beauty. What his thoughts may have been I cannot guess, of course; but as he gently knocked the asses from his pipe, he heaved a very deep sigh, and a broken sentence, only half audible,

"Yes; I am tired of this etern

there is a better life than this—"

The rain plashed and beat; the wind howled and moaned; the waves rose and fell in angry chorus upon the sharp-toothed rocks without; but within, all was peace, and calm, and rest. Mark ast musing by the fire, or noiselessly paced the narrow apartment until Lois awoke—awoke blushing, with a pretty surprise,

as if she was conscious of what awoke her, but dared not speak of it lest it was only a dream. In sooth, was it her own fancy, that tender pressure of his lips to hers? Or had he, emboldened by the

My very dear reader, you may suppose Just what yo please; theories are easy to support. My own belief is, that Lois looked so incomparably pretty that Mark could not help himself, and so—and so he kissed her!

The cold gray light of dawn was beginning to shin in the lowering East, and the fury of the storm seemed to be abating. By eight o'clock Mark had another meal prepared, with Lois's aid, and when it was over the rain had nearly ceased. It was time for dead low tide too, and their best chance for crossing the inlet was at that hour; for the tempest was liable to aris was at that hour; for the tempest was inside to arise again, and the larder of the hermitage was running low: so that, if imprisoned there much longer, the horrors of starvation might be added to their other sufferings.

Sallying forth they found the way clear, and the in Sailying forth they found the way clear, and the in-let, through which a fearful torrent had roared the night before, now contained only a brawling stream, across which one could easily step. In a few moments Lois and her mother were locked, half fainting, in

each other's arms.

Mrs. Brydon had sat in her chamber—the same in which Squire Thorley died—by a sea-ward-looking window, trying to pierce the thick darkness with her eyes, the whole night long. The servants—much as they loved Lon's gentle presence—could not be pre-valled upon to make more than one effort to face the pitiless elements; and so, giving her only child up for lost, the poor lady had sat alone, in a calm and tearlost, the poor lady had sat alone, in a calm and tear-less agony, until daylight. As soon as the storm per mitted she had sent out several parties of neighbors and servants to institute a general search along-shore. Before these returned however, Lois was restored to her, and her great grief was swallowed up by a great

Mark and Lois in the hermitage with a grace

significant smile.

"I do not know what to say to you, Mr. Thorley, said she, "nor how to express to you the gratitud feel for the kindness you have shown my child. my prayers-

my prayers—
"Do not speak of it, Madame, I beg of you. The pleasure I found in extending these rude hospitalities to one so—so worthy as your daughter has more than His eyes sparkled, and a fine color suffused his hand-

ome face, giving token of his earnestness.

Mrs. Brydon looked from one to the other with an airs. Bryoon looked from one to the other with an almost comical expression.

"Have you thought, my children," said she, quietly, "of the terrible scandal that will arise from this romantic adventure? The neighbors will be in a shock-

"I have thought of it," said Mark, eagerly; "and or, at least, to compel them to speak at their own peril.
All I require, Madame, is your consent - I think I have

cerning my charge-may I not say my wife?" Lois blushed more rosy still, and turning her face away, covered it with one hand. The other she per-mitted Mark to take.
"I see how it is," said Mrs. Brydon; "you two

have been playing the game of hearts, wherein each luses to the other. There! do you want my bless-She patted their heads playfully, but lovingly, and a

solitary ray of sunshine, breaking through the cloud rifts, illuminated their faces like a benediction from ing-box; but the villa is in a state of splend ess never seen in the old Squire's day. Mrs Brydon reigns there supreme, a 'notable housewife;' and when Lois suggests that she may be of service in lightening the self-imposed duties her mother has chi

"There, my child," she says, "go and play with your babies. Mark can never spoil them without

Yet Mark does his best to encompass that end And now, my dear reader, let me indulge in a little gush of egotism. I flatter myself that I have performed a miracle. Did you ever - O wise youth! O beau us maiden !- did you ever before re

"And sweetly, on and on, Calming itself to the long-wished-for end, Full to the banks, close on the promised go

Look back upon these fair pages and marvel! No esigning villain, no wealthy but headstrong uncle urate parent, no sad circumstances of pover and separation, have marred the happiness of my he ro and heroine. They have simply met, loved, and ing over the 'cold, hard world '-in a word, withou

Let me bid you farewell, dear reader, in the comfort naciousness of having refuted Solomon's dictur ducing, at last, something 'new under the sun

As Unconsessed Harry Engon.—The editor of a pa-per published in Littleton, N. H., in announcing his retirement, mays: "I have no regrets to make—not a mistake to atone for, or a blunder to mourn over."

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Continental Insurance Co., CITY OF NEW YORK. OFFICE NO. 18 WALL STREET. CASH CAPITAL, - - \$500,000

Tax attention of the community is respectfully called to be following features, in connection with this Company : the following reatures, in connection win this Company:

FIRST:—By insuring in this Company, the advantages of a

Mutual Insurance Company are obtained, with the additional advantage afforded in the security given by an ample and reliable Cash Capital—a feature not presented by
ordinary Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. The dividends to customers, already declared, are as follows:

First Annual Division to Policy Holders, declared July 8, 57, 125, Second July 8, 58, 50
Third July 14, 59, 50 SECOND:-The security given, which is already large, wil

constantly acrease with each year of successful operation.

This is exhibited clearly in the following Statement, showing the position of the Company in each year since the new system was adopted:

1857. 4570,363 43

1857. 458

Liabilities. Liabilities. 16,514 37
THIRD:—The insured incur no liability whatever, while obtaining these advantages of superior security and cheapman.
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The Resolute Fire Insurance Co., No. 3 Nassau street, N. Y. CASH CAPITAL \$200,000

WITH A LARGE SURPLUS. Pirst Dividend to the Assured, JULY 1st, 1860.

Divide three-quarters of the net Profits to the Assured These doing business with this Company will receive, annually a large return of their fremiums. Farther preferring a cash deduction from the Premium at the time of issuing the Policy, are entitled to that privilege.

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C. F. UHLHORN, President WILLIAM M. RANDELL, Secretary. D. LORD & H. DAY, Counsellors. HIRAM FUNK, Surveyor New Fork, July 1st, 1859

COMMONWEALTH Fire Insurance Company,

Office, No. 6 Wall Street, New York. CASH CAPITAL OF \$250,000,

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